

POEMS and VERSES

CAROL NORTON

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POEMS *AND* VERSES *BY* CAROL NORTON

AUTHOR OF
"WOMAN'S CAUSE" *AND* "THE
NEW WORLD."

YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE
TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.—*JESUS.*



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TO
CHARLES CARROLL NORTON
AND
MARY WADSWORTH NORTON

MY FATHER AND MOTHER
WHO HAVE ENTERED
THE IMMORTAL LIFE

THIS VOLUME
IS FAITHFULLY AND LOVINGLY DEDICATED

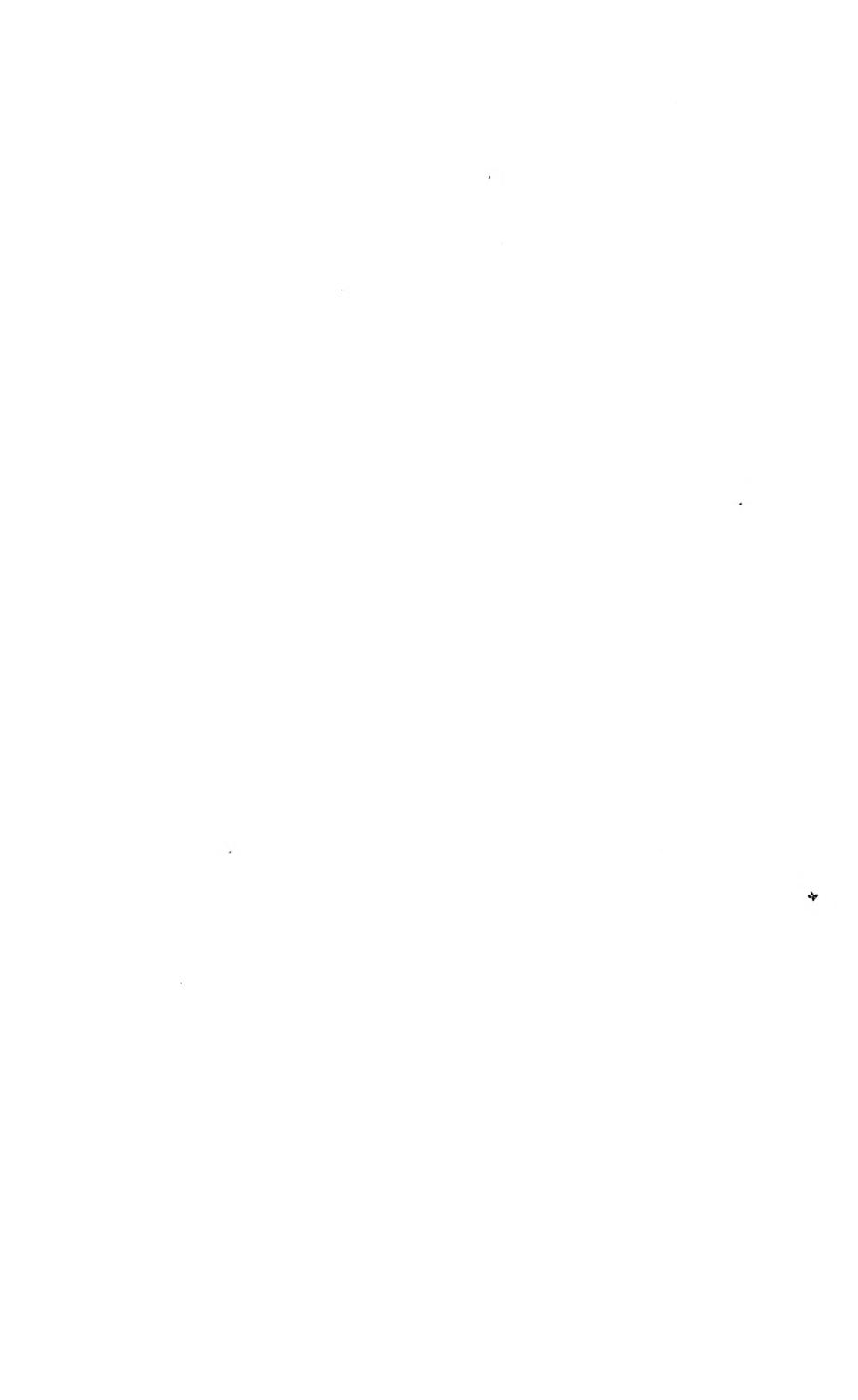
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MOTIF



MOTIF

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THERE is but one word to be spoken to-day, and that word is Life—Eternal Life ; Life surviving all changes ; Life persisting through all that seems to overwhelm it ; Life victorious over death ; Life that makes real death impossible to our thoughts !

Not Resurrection, but Life, is the word spoken to the soul, and from the soul. Life unbroken, continuous, uninterrupted—not waiting for some distant resurrection day and an awakening at some trumpet's sound, but life going on, passing unchanged to new conditions ; the life that begins here with the first spiritual thought, spiritual feeling, and spiritual experience ; that inner life of thought, and feeling, and experience of things that

do not belong to the body and are not concerned in its life ; the inner, invisible, spiritual life of ideas and principles, and lofty reverences and enduring affections for that which is invisible and enduring in man ; those secret, unprovable convictions and assurances of the soul—the truths which shine by their own light and are revealed to us in the highest and deepest moments and experiences.

The word that I bring you to-day, then, is this, that the soul knows nothing of death—cannot conceive of it. That to all doubts and questions of the understanding it returns only the affirmations of its experience and inmost sense of immortality.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.



A SONG OF LIFE

O WAKING earth, thy story tell !
O bear to men thy song of joy !
Let thy full life be death's sure knell ;
Give trust and peace without alloy.
To all who sit within the gloom,
To all who linger by the tomb,
Shed thou upon them Life's full bloom—
Shout immortality !

O singing birds, thy message bear !
O sing to all thy story sweet !
Let thy glad flights, from regions fair,
Be harbingers of Love's swift feet.
To all who, silent, suffer wrong,
To all who know no Easter dawn,
Sing thou to them of endless morn—
Chant immortality !

O shining stars, shed glory bright !
O send to earth a fuller praise !
Let thy infinitude of light
Be as the notes that seraphs raise.
To hearts that bend beneath life's cross,
To hopes that suffer daily loss,
Shed thy pure rays, that know no dross—
Chant immortality !

O earth that blooms, and birds that sing,
O stars that shine when all is dark !
In type and symbol thou dost bring
The Life Divine and bid us hark
That we may catch the chant sublime,
And, rising, pass the bounds of time :
So shall we win the goal divine,
Our immortality !

PEACE

Great Peace have they which love Thy Law : and
nothing shall offend them.—PSALM 119 : 165.

PEACE is the song of evening birds ;
Peace is the rhythm of lowing herds ;
The sylvan dell of hope made bright ;
The altar-fire of Heaven's light.

Peace is the joy of deepest thought ;
The soul of Life, by ages sought ;
The tranquil of the heart's repose ;
The fragrance of the opening rose.

Peace is the fruit of conquered sin ;
The Spirit's flame that burns within ;
The reign of Love within the mind ;
The joy that comes of sense resigned.

Peace is the rest for which we long ;
The vesper-hymn of Love's pure song ;
The rest that comes when day is done ;
The gloaming of the setting sun.

Peace is the calm of stillest night ;
The stream of life in noiseless flight ;
The stream that ever Godward runs,
Tracing its course o'er suns and suns.

Peace is the calm of holy thought ;
The song of Christ by angels brought ;
The grand Amen by Spirit said ;
The crown of Christ upon the head.

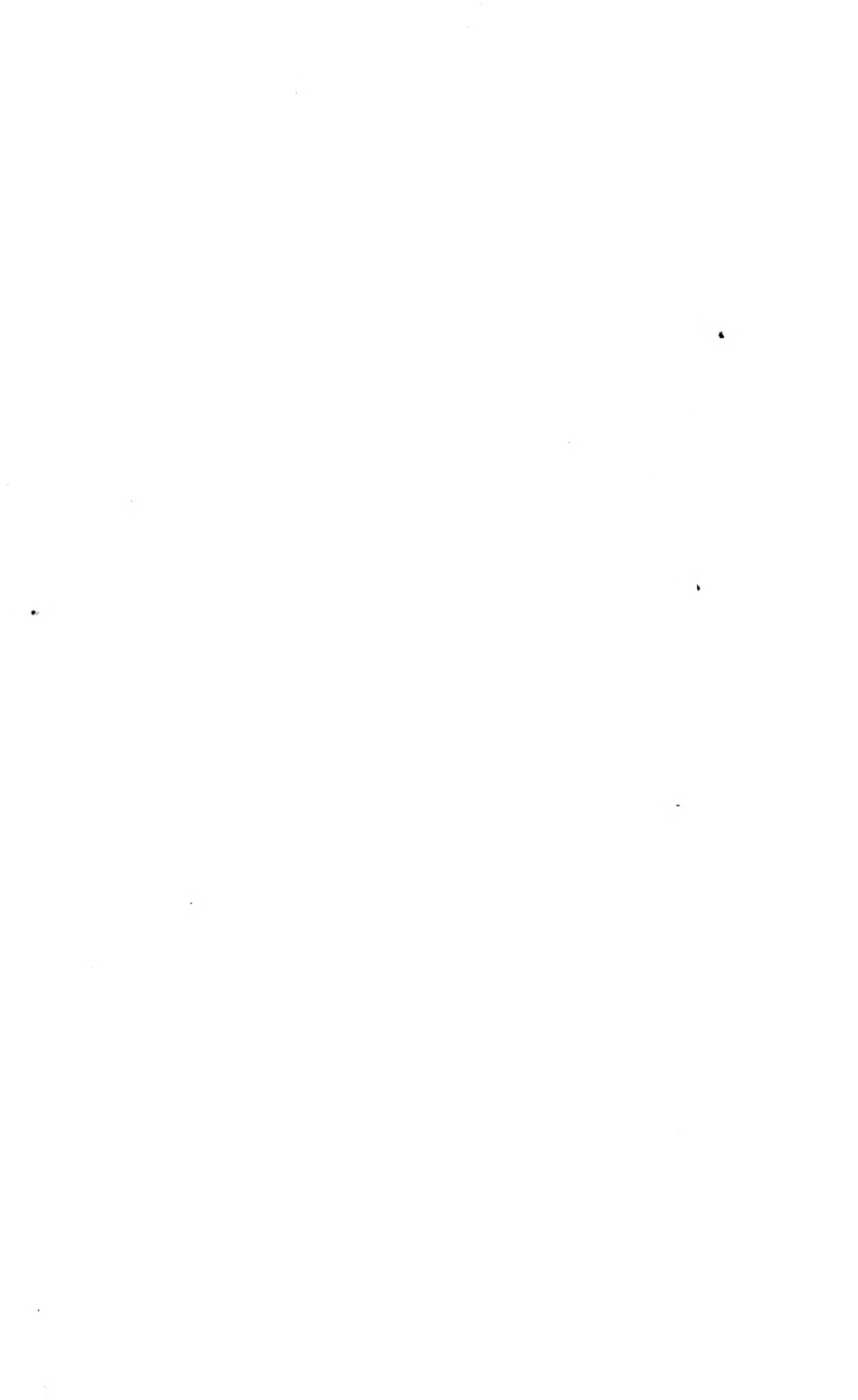
DOWN THROUGH THE AGES

DOWN through the ages shone a Light,
In ever-widening ray ;
A Light first dazzling to the sight
As sun at noon of day
To eyes long dimmed by night.

The Prophets felt, but could not see,
At once its glorious mystery ;
But slowly upward rose their thought
Till Truth, with heavenly beauty fraught,
Burst full upon their view.

This Light for all men came to earth,
For long had darkness reigned ;
It ushered in, through virgin birth,
The Truth, by Prophets named
The Christ, Im-man-u-el.

To human sense, as babe it came,
Cradled in manger low ;
Yet meant to earth to be the name
By which all men should know
Their heavenly heritage.



O Christ, through Thee we see the Light,
And rise in recognition
Of its pure rays, in which shine bright
The glory and fruition
Of all that leads to Good.

Thus our eternal Gospel
Shall open Heaven's door ;
We will sing the hallelujahs
Bethlehem Shepherds sung of yore.
"Peace on earth, good-will to man."

Glory ! Glory in the highest !
Know that Christ, the Truth, is here,
And shall reign forevermore.

OUT OF THE FALSE INTO THE TRUE

OUT of the discord of evil
Into the peace of God's love ;
Out of the false and the seeming
Into true joy from above.

Out of all earth-fogs and sorrows
Into the light of Love's face ;
Out of all sickness and yearning
Into true health, strength and grace.

Out from all malice and hatred
Into affection God-crowned ;
Out from the world with its glitter
Into the bliss newly found.

Out of the shadow of matter
Into the radiant Mind ;
Out from the promptings of error
Into the rest pure hearts find.

Out from the senses' blind thralldom
Into the light of God's Day ;
Out of mortality's selfhood
Into the one perfect Way.

Thus, mounting daily, we conquer
All that would stand in our way :
Learn the great lesson of meekness,
And enter the eternal day.

Know that the Father is waiting,
Ready to welcome His own ;
Hear the glad voices of angels,
Reap the good seed we have sown.

Thus living as taught by the Master,
We enter our heaven on earth ;
And our lives bear the fruit of the Spirit
That hallowed our loved Saviour's birth.

•

THE RADIANT CROSS

OSOMETIMES gleams upon our path,
Through clouds of sense,
Love's aftermath ;
And then we see, through earth-clouds dense,
The glory of Omnipotence.

There sometimes breaks upon our sight,
Through tears of grief,
The heavenly light ;
'Tis then from care we gain relief,
And find the Spirit's golden sheaf.

And sometimes gleams through seeming loss,
Through shadows dim,
A pure-white cross.
And as we look we think of Him
Whose life was Love's perennial hymn.

And shall complaint our lips proclaim,
When we recall
His life's pure aim ?
How from the depths of error's thrall
He taught the Way, with love won all ?

Oh ! never can we reach Love's Heaven
Till every thought
To God is given.
And then we know what power wrought
The deeds of Christ, and Heaven brought.



TRUTH'S DWELLING-PLACE

NOT amidst the din of life
Doth the heart its Saviour know ;
Not to those of earthly strife
Comes the Spirit's after-glow.

Not to men to error wed
Come the riches of His love ;
Not to minds by dogma led
Falls the Freedom from above.

But to him who conquers sin
Comes the fruit of righteousness ;
And the pure do Heaven win,
With its joy and blessedness.

In the silence deep of thought
Lives the substance of all prayer ;
And no hope can come to naught
If our pure trust leave it there.

Deep within the Holy Place
Dwells the White Christ evermore ;
And the beauty of His face
I would seek, and then adore.

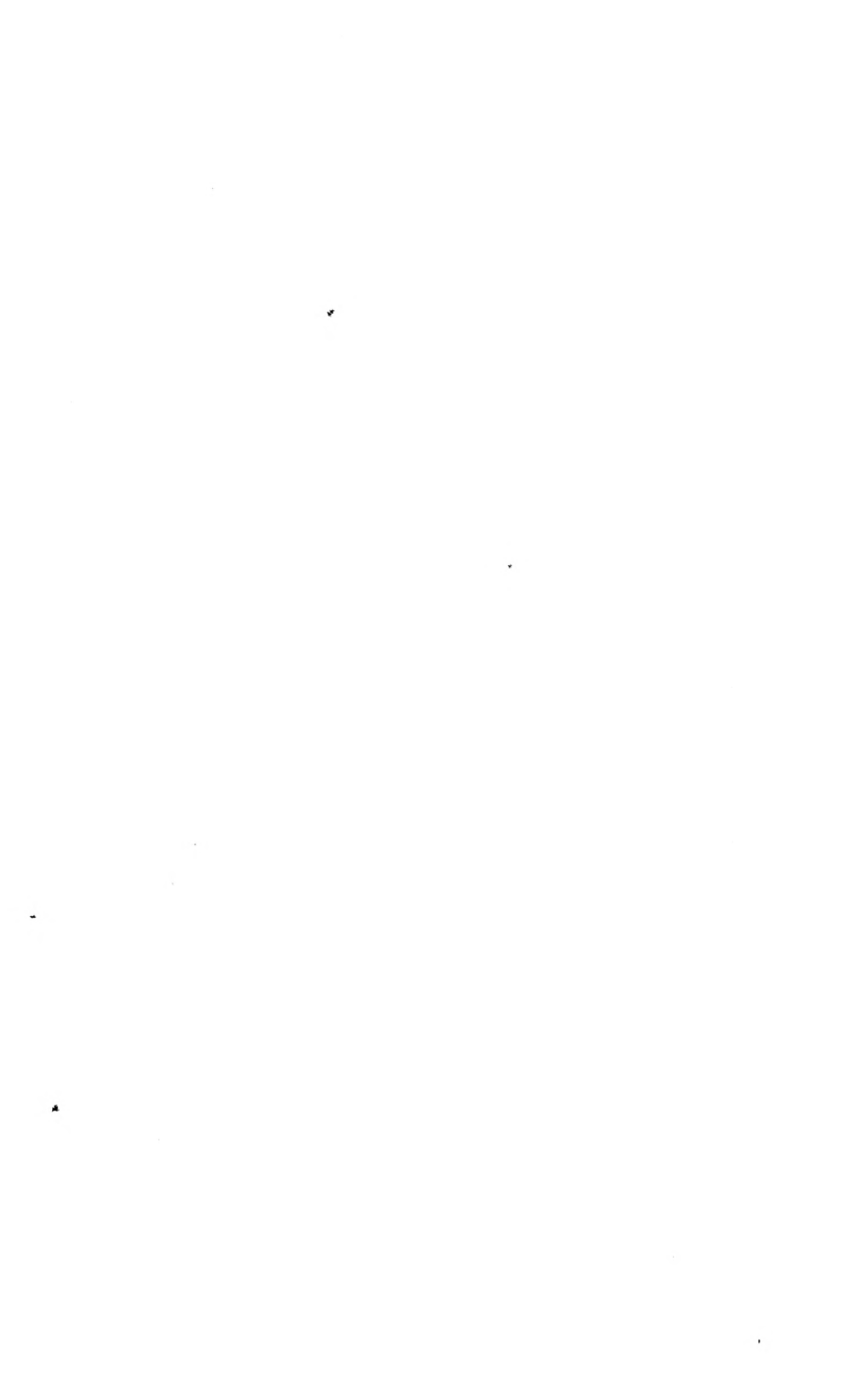
THE ETERNAL HOPE

THERE lives within the heart of man
An inward monitor and guide
Which ever rules ; and, as a fan,
Removes the things of sense that hide
From man the eternal day.

There lives within the thought of man
An inborn trust that time and sense
Can never shake, or hope to span ;
Through it encircling earth-clouds dense
Are lost, and light flows in.

There lives within the soul of man
A hope eternal as the hills,
Which ever has, since time began,
Been voicing that the Father wills
That all men come to Him.

There lives within the will of man
A Fountain deep of purest Love ;
A Spring whose flowing ne'er began,
For strong it flows, from Love above,
To man, whose Life it is.



Ye ask the nature of this Guide?
The import of this Trust and Peace?
And what the truths this Hope decide?
Or if, in time, this Love shall cease?
This Fountain stop its flow?

The nature of this Guide—thy God.
This restful Trust and Peace—His Love.
The Truth of Hope—Christ's word, thy rod.
This Spring—Immortal Life above.
The Eternal Hope *is* thine.

ASCENSION

ONE by one, pure thoughts and holy
Lift us out of self and sin ;
One by one, bright gleams of glory
Show the goal we all would win.

One by one, our trusts are strengthened,
As our lives to God we give ;
One by one, our days are lengthened,
As in Love we move and live.

One by one, our aims grow purer
As our deeds reflect our God ;
One by one, our songs are clearer
As we rise above the clod.

One by one, the years move onward
To the time of Prophets told ;
One by one, their words float homeward,
Singing of one Lord, one fold.

Then, within Love's everpresence,
We shall live arrayed in white ;
Know in full that great Effulgence
Which men call The Infinite ;

Know the mysteries of His Kingdom,
Hear the chants of Spirit sung ;
Be at one with that great Wisdom
From which all creation sprung.

THE ETERNAL GOD

OTHOU who art all in Unity,
May we Thy creatures be ;
Like Thee, one in diversity,
Yet one as born of Thee.
From Thee the whole creation springs ;
Of Thee, and in Thy Mind, it lives.
All things are thoughts, in substance Mind,
Their nature, like Thine own, divine,
Their Being—immortality.

Thou art from time the only God
To all that moves—the Over-Soul.
Greater than person, Thou art all—
As Mind Divine, all space embracing.
In Thy great plan no discord entereth,
No darkness holdeth sway.
Thou art the one Paternity ;
Yea, more, as Love's eternal Self,
Thou art the Mother, tender, pure.

Thou art the Everlasting Right ;
The Eternal Day, that knows no night ;
The Good, that giveth only Light ;
The Truth, which is the only Might ;
The Purity, that knows no dross ;
The Soul, that never knoweth loss ;

The Unseen Fount, that ever springs
Within the heart of men, and things,
To keep them sweet and pure.

Thou art of all the Principle :
As Mind, no matter knowing ;
As Love, no discord sowing ;
As Perfect God, no evil seeth.
And from Thy might all terror fleeth,
All sin doth fade from view.
Thou dost, in truth, make all things new,
For Thou art All in All,
Our Father everlasting.

By Thee are all things ruled ;
By Thee are all thoughts schooled ;
From Thee comes only good.
And in Thy blessèd Motherhood
The weary sons of earth shall rest,
And find the peace that man loves best :
That rest which Love alone can give,
And, giving, makes Her children live
To walk in pastures green.

A PRAYER

OH, make me childlike, make me glad
As the joyous brooklet, never sad.
Oh, let my feet love's errands run,
From early morn till setting sun.

Oh, make me trusting, guileless, pure,
And let my path be straight and sure.
Then, as a little child in heart,
Will come to me Life's better part.

ANSWERED PRAYER

I AM weary, Father, weary,
And I come to Thee for rest ;
For the way is long and dreary,
Fraught with fear and bitter test.

I am longing, Father, longing,
For the peace of Thy dear love ;
And I wait the joyous dawning
Of the glory from above.

I am nestling, Father, nestling,
Safe within Thy loving care.
As a little child I'm clinging,
And Thy love heals my despair.

I am singing, Father, singing,
For Thou my prayer hast heard ;
And my joyous song is ringing
Like the free notes of a bird.

I am thankful, Father, thankful,
For Thy Mother-love divine ;
And my heart is ever grateful
For its harmony sublime.

REAL GLORY

LOVE knows no cross—
The glory of a spotless life
Outshines the darkness of Gethsemane ;
And o'er life's cross-crested hills,
As with ancient Calvary,
Shines the sunset glory of a life well lived,
Which, while telling that the twilight cometh,
Speaks also, in finer tone,
Of the New Day coming,
Robed in glory all its own.
No night is there, no portal
But the door of Life,
Whose arch and keystone,
Strong and firm, are fashioned
As the gates of brass—
Of Purity and Love.

FRIENDSHIP

SWEET friendship, joy of hearts made white,
Pure prelude of the Life divine,
Thy sacred hallways we would tread ;
And in thy Temple Pure of Love
Would dwell in that security
Which trust and faith alone can give,
And, giving, make the life we live
At once divine and sanctified.

LOVE'S NOBILITY

LOVE measures not by standards human,
But gives Her best to Spirit's freemen ;
She shares Her glory with the pure in heart,
And, to all lives in captivity,
She leads a manly angel, or a woman pure,
Into that inner court of Purity
Possessed in sacred isolation by all truly noble ;
And, as a Guardian Angel tender, there leaves the
 visitant and visited
To learn the grandeur and soul-peace of love
 reciprocated.

SECURITY

I N the land of Fond Hope,
Where wishes are stars,
Where trust has full scope,
And longing its Mars—

'Tis there I would dwell,
Secure from all fear,
For Love says all's well
And Day-dawn is near.

FEAR NOT, TRUST, AND BE
UNDISMAYED

EACH life has its silent sorrow ;
All grief its bright to-morrow ;
Each home its unseen, heavy cross ;
Each heart its plenty, after loss ;
Each day its promise rich.

Then rise, my heart, to levels high !
Though days seem dark, thy God is nigh :
His brooding love is over all,
And, held by Him, I cannot fall.

Then to the winds I cast my fears,
And, looking to the eternal years,
I leave the dreamland of the past,
And, rising heavenward, sure and fast,
To heights of sinlessness attain,
And thus my Paradise regain.

BE FEARLESS

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Rise in thy conscious strength ;
The mountain heights of Love are thine—
There thou can'st hear the Song divine,
The Song that to thy heart brings peace,
And from all fear the mind's release.
The Courage Song whose measures bind
The ills we fear, which never come,
And leads us to the portal bright
Where, safe within the eternal Light,
We dwell in sweet repose.



ON THE HEIGHTS

ON heights of thought the soul doth scan
The glories of The Eternal's plan ;
And inspiration, deep and pure,
Springs forth to make all joy secure.

On heights of Love the soul doth find
That all in Life begets its kind ;
That every heart can chant a song,
And, chanting always, joy prolong.

EVENING COMMUNION

WHEN day is done,
And the setting sun
Its glory sheds o'er all,
'Tis then my heart,
From sense apart,
Doth on Thy Spirit call.

And Thou its call doth hear,
For Love is ever near.
In song of bird,
In woodland's peace,
In silence deep, and sweet release,
In nature's whole—I see Thy face ;
In ocean's calm Thy love I trace,
In all things see Thy hand.



ONE LOVE

BUT one love *is* ;
All else is false ;
One universal Nature rules
This and all worlds,
As one vast universe.

But one real passion *is* ;
All else is naught ;
One instinct governs man,
And rules all life in purity,
Through Love's eternal plan.

But one real freedom *is* ;
Born of the all-knowing soul,
No license doth it know.
A law unto itself,
It governs man
In righteousness and peace ;
It brings to slaves release ;
It gives the passion of One Soul ;
Reveals perfection as man's goal,
And maketh one, in Truth and Love,
Creation's one great host.

HEARTS THAT ARE PURE

O HEARTS that are pure,
To thy attunèd ear
The first faint tones
Of the celestial music
Come on angel wing,
To tell thee of the peace to be ;
To thy childlike self,
The glory of the Lamb
Reveals the bridal of the chaste
To the all-caring God,
Whose nature, full apart
From time and sense,
Encircles thee and thine
In eternal Love divine,
And gives to each idea
Life and Heaven, now, and here.



I WAIT THY TIME

I WAIT Thy time ;
My will is Thine,
To mould and make Thine own ;
I calm my human discontent,
Reclaim the idle moments spent
In vain attempts to *make* my own
The cherished thing that Love has shown
Awaits my life in future time,
If I but blend my will with Thine.

SING YE A GLAD SONG

(CHRISTMAS ANTHEM)

ARISE and sing, ye lovers of the Truth,
For once again we join in praise
To Him who knows no end of days ;
To Love's encircling Motherhood ;
The God for whom the Prophets stood ;
The Giver of all good.

The lowly Christ-child humbly born,
Upon that distant Christmas morn,
Anew within our hearts doth live,
And bids us to the Father give
Our lives, as He gave His.

Sing loud, ye hosts of earth,
This gladsome Christmas-time,
For Christ is here; His message bear
To homes and hearts that need His peace ;
Go bid the anxious thought to cease ;
Go heal the sick, and free the bound,
Till sounds of joy from all lips sound :
Thus ye shall make His Christmas-tide
Forever in your hearts abide,
The anthem of your soul.

THE MIGHT OF RIGHT

OH, why are ye fearful, ye men of brave heart?
Know ye not that Right wins if ye do but
your part?

'Tis cowards that falter when all is but won,
While the true man moves onward and hears the
"well done."

Oh, why are ye restless, ye men of high aim?
Know ye not that Truth's Might is ever the same?
And why have ye doubts of the future of life,
When ye witness how Love brings the death of
all strife?

Take courage, look upward, the pure shall prevail;
Know deeds born of Good no wrong can assail.
The Ethics of Christ shall at last rule the world,
And o'er every nation Love's flag be unfurled.

For Right is still Might, and God is still Love ;
And over earth's discords His voice sounds above
In tones that will comfort, and heal, and renew,
The hearts that have yearned, like fields, for the
dew.

Then shout the glad song of Triumph and Peace ;
The long night is ended, its errors now cease.
The Soul-light of Mercy, and Justice, and Right,
Shall free all the nations that walk in this Light.

THERE REMAINETH A SABBATH REST

| T is when human discords cease,
 | That longing hearts find sweet release ;
 'Tis then with soaring-upward wing
 They mount, and with Love's angels sing
 The Song of Soul, the Lamb's glad Song,
 The Symphony that conquers wrong,
 And heralds Christ's great reign
 Of peace on earth to man.

It is when earthly shadows flee,
 That hungering hearts their Saviour see ;
 'Tis then they find the vision bright,
 And through Truth's portal see the Light ;
 They leave the dreamland of the past,
 Where mists of sense fall thick and fast,
 And rise to higher things
 That mark the perfect man.

It is when Good rules everywhere,
 That men know God's all-loving care ;
 'Tis then the maddening rush is stilled,
 And homes and hearts with peace are filled ;
 Then comes the day of Brotherhood,
 And Love's encircling Motherhood,
 Which makes as one all men
 In one great family.

And is this Sabbath very nigh?
This time of rest for which men sigh?
And can we hope in love to dwell
While wars and wrongs their stories tell?
Can God be *now* our sure defence?
And can we trust His providence
To loose the chains of sin,
And free earth's struggling sons?

This Sabbath, with its blessedness,
Is here to all who onward press
Above the things of time and sense,
And see in Mind's omnipotence
The balm for every ill of life,
The Might that conquers earthly strife,
And ushers in the Spirit's calm,
That heals and quickens all.

THE END IS LIGHT

THERE are clouds that hide earth's landscape
That shut from sight the sun ;
The dull gray mists of human wrong
That hide the Eternal One.
They rise from out the valleys,
They climb the mountains steep,
They make earth's wanderers lose their way,
Make pitfalls for their feet.

There are questions in Life's problem
Which all must some day solve ;
Deep Truths that must be mastered
By courage and resolve.
They unfold not to finite sense,
Nor erring human will,
But ever to the pure in heart
They come, and make all still.

There are currents in Life's ocean,
Whose courses heavenward run ;
Sure guides if we but follow them,
And by them dangers shun.
No sound their onward movement makes,
Deep stillness is their way ;
They flow from earth to heaven above ;
Their end—Eternal Day.

There are battles fought in silence,
That outward sense knows not ;
Great conflicts with old systems
That Truth shall bring to naught.
No clash of arms nor trumpet sounds
The progress of this war,
For thought the only weapon is,
Love's peace the only Law.

Some day all clouds shall vanish,
All battles will be won ;
The questions of our lives be solved,
All currents Godward run.
We then shall know as we are known,
For all shall perfect be,
Within the Heavenly City,
Beside Life's tideless sea.

Within this Holy City
No wrong can enter in ;
The ransomed are its people,
And this the song they sing :
Hosanna in the highest,
Glad praises to our King ;
Life's ever victor over death,
And Love doth Victory bring.



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